

A Brother's Keeper.

A WOMAN'S WORK OF LOVE AND DUTY.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATERWOOD, AUTHOR OF "CRAQUE O' DOOM," "STEPHEN GUTRIE," "THE LONE MAN'S CLIMB," AND OTHER STORIES.

"Does he look as he used to, father?" "I scarcely noticed. I knew it was Thane White. The muscles of his face look exposed, and twitched."

"It must have been you he meant when he told me there was somebody in the neighborhood he wanted to avoid."

"If he saw me as I ordinarily go he did not recognize me to-night until I turned on him. What did he do with you when he landed in the States?"

"He must have put Thorne and me in that orphan asylum at Pittsburgh. He has been in prison often. Did you know that, father?"

"Yes, I hunted him up behind the bars, and he repeated to me on oath that you were dead. You were lost overboard at sea. I sent him from Virginia City a week before I intended to start, to take passage for us on an isthmus steamer. May be I gave him enough money to make it a temptation. May be the idea came into his head suddenly, and he carried it out, intending to make me pay him well for restoring you. It is hard to read all the motives of a man like Thane White. Afterwards he found I was poor, and dropped you where it was most convenient, revenging himself for his disappointment by deserting you were dead. He went over to San Francisco and engaged passage two days ahead of the time I wanted to sail. Then he delivered my letter to the lady who had you in charge; she was a friend of your mother's. I asked her to have you ready against I came for you. Thane's boy—I kept him at the same place—and you were allowed to go on the street with Thane. You were about three years old. He never brought me back. He failed for me. We found he had sailed with you, and I believe he took no nurse. I could not discover what vessel brought him to New York; and he said you were lost overboard between the isthmus and that port. I spent months tracking him, and, finally, a letter from him, which had followed me around, brought news of your death. I never believed it until I saw him in prison, and he swore to me without having any conceivable object in doing so. May be I was more readily disheartened than when your mother lived."

"Father," wrote Phoebe on the tablets, "we seem so well acquainted. My heart ached so about you the night we took you that I could hardly endure it. Do I look at all like I used to?"

"Yes," he wrote in reply. "From the day of your birth your face was very distinctly marked. I can see your baby face in your features yet."

"Psyche Favett is my own cousin, isn't she?"

"Yes. And she must divide with you. There was another thing which struck me like conviction before I could be certain. I saw you standing before my portrait, and you showed the Favett as well as your mother's blood. It was young Gurley who came with you the first time I saw you—was it?"

"Yes."

"And he was here to-night?"

"Yes. He is bringing the doctor. The bullet will be taken out and you will get well."

"I like to see him about you. He's a man. Remember I said this."

"But, dear, your pain is not very great now, is it?"

"Not very. My mind feels easy. If you push the quilt in there is enough for you to sit on the lounge beside me."

"Phoebe sat there until the doctor came. It was twelve o'clock by the time the examination was finished, and the doctor remained by his patient."

"Phoebe resumed her seat by her father and watched him all night. He dozed or sunk into unconsciousness, and woke with a smile to write recollections about her honeymoon, and he was in the mountains assailing ore. Several times he was recalled to the present by strong anguish. The doctor then dealt with him, and his girl afterward wiped the dampness from his face."

"Neither Mrs. Barker nor the master left her. The lamp burned on the table until a growing pallor betokened morning."

"Miss Favett will come to see him to-morrow," said Phoebe to the doctor, speaking as if the day were still remote. "Mr. Gurley intends to bring her. Will that disturb him too much?"

"Oh, no," replied the doctor, "no."

"Don't you think he is better?" inquired Phoebe, when the doctor's hands were washed, and the doctor's face was turned to the patient.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you," the physician said, "that I dread a hemorrhage."

"She compressed her mouth and suddenly felt the effect of her vigil, her excitement, and her days of contest with Thane."

"Still, her father was quiet in half-conscious slumber when Mrs. Barker brought the breakfast fire and the master thought a fall of water from the well."

All animals were beginning to stir, and the air which came in was fresher than ever before as it blew out of Paradise full of odors and promises. The early spring birds were all about, and the flicker's thrill was heard close by the window."

"That bird's song always smells of Johnny-jump-ups—the early blue violets," said Phoebe, with a smile, to the doctor.

"The doctor's answering smile was transient, for his patient awoke in a struggle."

"Father!" cried Phoebe. "Dear! Why, father?"

"In four months the bird-songs had deepened in color and odor until an imaginative person might find them vivid as scarlet and bursting with fragrance. Summer spread up from the tropics, transfiguring the Northern world. The yearly miracle, which never ceases to be marvelous, was nearly completed; not a spear of grass was lacking to the wide fleece of verdure; the leaves were at their darkest; stalwart rag-weed grew in the fence corners; the roses were long ago tired of blooming at their freshest; the corn stood as high as a man's shoulder, and only yellow stubble showed where the wheat had been. Late beans and cabbages. The potato vines had even begun to droop in token that their fruit was ripening. Tomatoes, and their house was swarmed with threshers, and his house was swarmed by vines waving their aspiring tendrils over their time-knotted joints. The apple trees had formed green fists to shake at every passing breeze. Improvements, independent of summer, were going forward about Gurley's home. A fish-pond was being constructed and the front yard ornamented. The sash-frames for a conservatory were starting out at one side of the house. Jesse Stone tramped across the hay fields, noticing the second growth, and speculating in union with Mrs. Stone in her place by coming up."

holsters and paper-hangers—on what might happen before another year. But if summer merely triumphed elsewhere, it raged around Psyche Favett's home. The grapes, orchards and flower borders were at their vivand. An awning shaded the stone steps and dimmed and cooled the hall, within which was visible half the massive stairway.

Psyche sat in a hammock under the thickest foliage, while from her hair to the toe of her slipper, both extremes being tipped with pale blue ribbon. She gave two large palm fans to Gurley and told him he could employ both hands in her service until Phoebe came down.

"Languidly for me, Cupid, but you'll have to raise a hurricane over her; she has so much more strength and color than I have. The question at first was who should be called Miss Favett; we're almost of one age; I'm scarcely a month younger. But she insisted on it, and it won't make any difference a few months from now. When I think of that I would kick you, Cupid, if I could only make it hurt. And she so precious, and so much time wasted when I didn't know she was my cousin!"

"Or even that I was to be your cousin," said Gurley.

"Drusie Holmes is so reconciled to it," said Psyche with a laugh. "You must notice the anxious attitudes she takes toward Cousin Phoebe and the distant sweetness with which Cousin Phoebe treats her. There has been a coldness between them, but I suppose they will outlive it."

"On account of the persecutions she endured from the animal," said Gurley, sternly.

"Psyche shivered, and set her hammock to swinging.

"That cooled me better than both fans. But don't say another word about him. I wish he were executed as well as sentenced. It's hard to see our name printed with his, and head-lines made of what he eats and talks about. If I made the laws I should smother such creatures in silence and decency as soon as they committed their crimes. Poor Uncle Favett! Do you mind if I say something wicked?"

"Not at all," said Gurley.

"I can't say it to Cousin Phoebe, for she wouldn't sympathize with me, but it's been in my mind so long I feel as if I must express it. Of course it was fearful for her to be treated so, but—do you mind my saying something startlingly wicked?"

"On the contrary," replied Gurley, "there are few things I enjoy more than your startling wickedness."

"Well, I'm glad he died. I guess it was best for him. He wasn't comfortable at all, and he would have made it so uncomfortable for all around folks. I'd got into the habit of being afraid of him. You don't know what a bereaved sense of relief I had when he was actually covered up in the family lot. We knew just where he was, then! He would not want to look in at the window any more. Now, Cupid, you know I could not feel toward him as I do toward Cousin Phoebe. He has been the bugaboo of my life. And the instant I saw her I was in love with her. She grows more delicious as we get on, too, and ever since I can find my way to her."

"You've mentioned it anywhere that you saw me out of my mourning to-day, will you?"

"I noticed some change in your appearance," said Gurley.

"Oh, the black and sallowness would kill me if I never slipped out of it. And she doesn't take offense as perhaps I should with my disposition if it were my father. Speaking about death?"

"You were speaking about resignation, Swansdown."

"Well, speaking about resignation, then, you don't know how resigned I could be if that pet gonia of Cousin Phoebe's would only—"

"I hope you don't refer to me," said Gurley, throwing himself back in the arbor chair. "I assure you I will not only—"

"You know perfectly well whom I mean. She treats the last best as if he were no only human but of average intelligence. I do all I can to terrify him on the sly. The flutter of my garments inclines him to take to his native wilds. Cupid, how any one refined and really exquisite in manner and nature as Cousin Phoebe is, can nourish my comprehension."

"She has always," protected him," said Gurley. "His unthoughtfulness and stupidity, she long ago accepted and tried to piece out with her own gifts."

"Do you know," exclaimed Psyche, sitting upright, "I almost believe she would bring him to the table if he could be coaxed there without a nig in his nose. I shouldn't say a word; it would be hard to go against what she liked. But thank Heaven he is; untamed to forage beyond the kitchen. There, however, he has a porcelain service to himself, and regularly breaks a cup like those old heathen we read about after they had poured a special libation."

"Thorne will be comfortably provided for by and by," said Gurley, laughing. "We have thought of giving him the cabin and land where your Uncle Favett lived. He was kind to the poor boy himself. I think it would please him. Thorne would always depend on us, but on the other hand, such a primitive base will suit him better than porcelain surroundings. But you do touch a responsive chord. The first time I saw Thorne she called him her good little brother, and in a dim, half-conscious way I gauged him as a brother-in-law. He went against my proud stomach worse than McArde, and when I've said that I've said every thing."

"Cupid," said Psyche, arraigning him with one finger, "it's very warm weather and I don't like to think of any kind of ex-

there is about it."

"How I despise him!" flashed Psyche; "the disagreeable thing to heat up one's blood so in midsummer! Fan me. There comes Cousin Phoebe, and I don't want to look bloused beside her. I long soft black dress over the steps to meet the friend who had come. She had flowers by her waist and in her hair; they did not quarrel with her mourning, but matched her young cheeks. In that sunny weather it seemed as if her lot had never been different."

[THE END.]

FACTS ABOUT MOSS.

The Important Part Which It Performs in the Work of the World.

We are accustomed to thinking of the lovely moss as one of the ornamenting devices of nature; a pretty covering for surfaces that would otherwise be hard and bare, or else damp and repulsive, and a graceful drapery for rocks and trees. In the hundreds of varieties of mosses which are known to the botanists, there are many which are so exquisitely beautiful in themselves, so delicate in tint and texture, and so soft and warm in effect, that we transfer them to our houses for the uses of decoration.

The mosses, however, perform a part in the work of the world which is more important than that of decoration. In them nature often makes a beautiful beginning toward clothing utterly waste places with a soil upon which plants and trees may live, and which may become capable of supporting human life.

Upon the rocky surface of a ledge, in spots where the force of the sun is least strong, and where most moisture is found, we see thin mosses forming. Gradually they grow thicker and stronger. The patches that they have made extend and meet each other until a considerable surface is covered over. As they develop, their growths decay, and a rich, dark mold is formed beneath. The seeds of other plants lodge in the moss, which holds them fast, and the moisture makes them sprout and grow, sending their roots along the layer of mold. A beginning has been made for a vegetation upon the rocks. Gradually the mosses are driven out by stronger plants, which run their roots into the crevices of the rock; but the moss, by its death, makes the life of the herbage that follows it possible.

The grass grows where the moss made its soft feeble beginning; the decay of the grass thickens the turf from year to year, and thus makes a soil at last upon which beasts may graze, or which may be cultivated. Or, if, as is more likely, the surrounding tend to make a forest on the spot rather than a grassy slope, the tiny shrubs yield to larger bushes, and the bushes make way for the trees, which, sending their roots among the rocks, often rend them asunder.

Perhaps the newest, and, in many ways, the strangest, use of moss is that to which the quinine planters have found it may be put. In taking the bark from the cinchona tree, from which quinine is obtained, strips of untouched bark are left, in order that the trees may not be killed. It has been found that if moss is applied to the spaces on the tree, which have been stripped of their bark, a new bark forms, and this new bark is actually richer in quinine than the original portions.—Fourth's Companion.

THE MONTHLY CROP REPORT.

Of the Department of Agriculture of the State of South Carolina.

The State Department of Agriculture furnishes the following summary of 292 special county and township reports, showing condition of the principal crops on August 1, 1888:

THE WEATHER.
The reports of the State Weather Service show that during July, 1887, the rainfall was 7.49 inches, and the reports from 29 stations for July, 1888, show it to have been 3.63. The mean temperature for July, 1887, was 82; for July, 1888, 78.8. The weekly bulletins of the service show that there was about the average amount of sunshine during the month.

COTTON.
There has been a general improvement in cotton during the month of July, but the seasons were more favorable in the upper and middle than in the lower counties. In many parts of the latter the drought lasted from three to six weeks, but except in a few localities rain fell on the last days of the month. The crop has not recovered from the effects of the unfavorable spring weather, and is from one to two weeks later in maturing than in ordinary years. The plant is small but generally in fine condition and fruiting well. There is some complaint of bad stands, and the plant in some localities is reported to have been injured by rust and shedding. This is believed to be due to the lateness of the crop in reaching maturity. On Edisto Island long staple cotton is reported as fully up to an average condition, and on James Island 10 per cent. above an average. Of the 262 reports received, only 10 report port at 100, 67 report it at between 90 and 100, the remainder reporting it at below 90. The general condition for the State is reported as follows: Upper Carolina 85; Middle Carolina 85; Lower Carolina 89—average 85, against 84 on the 1st July and 99 on the 1st August, 1887.

CORN.
Both favorable and unfavorable reports on the condition of corn have been received from the same townships, due to the uneven distribution of rainfall. In some localities the crop is the best since 1882, the early planting being nearly made. In others, where the drought prevailed, the early corn is comparatively a failure, while the later planting has been greatly benefited by recent rains. The condition is reported as follows: Upper Carolina, 84; Middle Carolina, 77; Lower Carolina, 78—average 79, against 99 at the same time in 1887 and 84 on the first of July.

RICE.
The condition of rice is reported as follows: Upper Carolina, 91; Middle Carolina, 85; and in the lower counties, where 95 per cent. of the crop is produced, 80—average for the State 85, against 97 at the same time last year, and 92 on the first of July.

OTHER CROPS.
The condition of the other crops is reported as follows: Sorghum 88, sugar cane 87, peas 87, Irish potatoes 88 and sweet potatoes 91.

A Fatal Tenement Fire.
NEW YORK, August 8.—At 4.10 o'clock this morning the four story tenement house at 1,020 Avenue A caught fire. The family of Gustave Berg, who lived on the top floor, were burned to death. They were Gustave Berg, 40 years old, his wife, 36 years, his mother-in-law and his twelve-year-old daughter, Gertrude. The other occupants of the house were Peter Block, John Rubin, Samuel Stern, Thos. Fitz, Gerald and Oliver Lichter. All their furniture was burned, but they escaped. The building was owned by Peter Block. Damage \$2,000. Insured.

THE CLOSE OF THE CANVASS.

FARMER TILLMAN HAS A MERRY OLD TIME AT BLACKVILLE.

Last Meeting of the Campaign—Addresses by Gov. Richardson and Lieut. Gov. Mauldin—Tillman Gets in His Last Shot—Gov. Bonham Defends the Railroad Commission.

(Condensed from the Charleston World.)
The last meeting of the political canvass of the campaign of 1888 was held at Blackville on Monday the 6th inst., about 290 persons being present. The first speaker was

Governor J. P. RICHARDSON.

Governor Richardson after thanking the chairman for his kind words of introduction said that it seemed strange that a man who had labored early and late, and who had always been faithful to the party should be charged with the same things as offenses that he had just been lauded for.

It has been charged, he said, that South Carolina had always been governed by an aristocracy; but we cannot afford to bring such charges as this, so long as the great problem faces us as to how an intelligent minority must govern itself and an ignorant majority. He said that there is no State in the Federal Union better and more cheaply governed than our own.

Governor Richardson went into the details of the tax figures, proving that the Democracy has not only reduced the taxes by over one-half, but has reduced the public debt to a very great extent without subjecting the people to any burden of taxation. The school districts of the State everyone of which were cast deeply into debt by the Radicals, have been placed on a firmer financial basis, and do not now owe a dollar in the world. The opponents of the administration talk about the salaries of judges in North Carolina and Georgia, but I would not give our Kershaw for the whole cheap judiciary of North Carolina and Georgia. When will protect our interest, and we do not want a cheap man. No farmer would hire a man to oversee for him who would offer to work for \$10, and in the same way we do not want judges who will work for a pittance.

THE FARMERS' COLLEGE.
In discussing the agricultural college he expressed his opinions on the Clemson bequest and on the feasibility of having an agricultural college anyhow, should the bequest not materialize. He said he favored the college, but did not propose to pull down any existing institution to establish it.

He explained the position in which the State Executive was placed, having nothing to do with legislation save to enforce it, and he pledges himself, if elected, to enforce to the letter any legislation which might be made concerning the proposed agricultural college.

DEMOCRAT AGAINST DEMOCRAT.
This has been the only campaign since '76, said the speaker, where Democrat has been arranged against Democrat, and if the lines are once drawn who shall wipe them out? It will be impossible for disunion enter the ranks, but if the old ship goes down, and I am still at the head of the government, I will promise you that I will beat the long roll, will have every gun manned, and the old vessel will go down with her guns reverberating with every man at his post of duty. (Prolonged cheers.)

Governor Richardson was followed by

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR MAULDIN,

who gave in a clear, succinct manner his views upon the various questions and issues which had been interjected into the campaign.

His office, he said, happened to be one where he had but little to do in shaping the laws. It was his privilege to vote only on his tie in the Senate, and when he would like to vote he cannot, and when he does not want to he is forced to do it.

CONVICT LABOR.
It has been mentioned in this campaign that the penitentiary now is an expense to the State, while some years ago it was a source of profit. I believe that all convict labor should be employed on public works. To employ it otherwise brings it into unjust competition with the honest labor of the land, and it adds nothing to the State at large. The money from the penitentiary should go as all other moneys should, directly into the State treasury.

In touching on the college he said that he considered the lien law one of the greatest curses to the farmers, and also that they needed, among many things, to raise their own supplies. The lien law was a fictitious system of credit, and no people could ever thrive by it.

THE RAILROAD COMMISSION.
The railroad commission, the speaker thought, should have the power of separating the whites from the negroes on trains. That was one Georgia law he liked, and wanted to see it adopted in South Carolina.

HASTY LEGISLATION.
He thought that there should be a constitutional amendment to keep down the hasty consideration of bills in the Legislature. Now, the session is short, and during the last days the members work all night and half of them are absent, and thus the laws are often passed in a crude condition, which is calculated to work harm rather than good.

CAPT. B. E. TILLMAN
was received with cheers. Capt. Tillman rose in a very deliberate manner and carefully arranged a pile of books and papers on the railing around the stand before he commenced. After addressing himself to the chairman he said:

Fellow-citizens, I hardly know where to begin, what to touch on or where to leave off. I feel very much like the boy who started to shine the No. 16 shoe of a returned Hoosier soldier, and who, after surveying the area of shoe-leather before him, asked a companion to "lend him some spit," as he had an army contract.

I am sorry Governor Richardson has left the stand, for it is now my unpleasant duty to arraign before you the present Democratic administration.

THE QUESTIONS AT ISSUE
In this discussion are three. First—Is this a Democratic government, and are the people governing? Second—Are the farmers treated justly in regard to education? And, third—Have we in our government the proper kind of economy, and is there nothing wrong in official circles at Columbia?

THE CANVASS CONDEMNED.
I have been through the various counties in the State, and find that, without a single exception, they had elected their delegates to the State Convention before the canvassers reached them. In this they have either basely surrendered their rights, or have been tricked out of them. Twelve men now hold the vote of Barnwell county in their possession, and the people are powerless to change it, no matter what state of affairs might be precipitated between this and the meeting of the convention. Consequently, the discussion is a farce, save as a public educator.

SPLITTING THE PARTY.
There can be but one party in South Carolina, and therefore we must watch our liberties and rights. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." For years every murmur against injustice has been hushed with that everlasting: "Shoo! Shoo! You'll split the Democratic party." If the party in South Carolina is ever split, it will not be by the Farmers' Association, but the miserable oligarchy at Columbia will have to draw off and appeal to the negro vote to retain them in power.

MR. TILLMAN AND THE REPORTER.
You have all seen how I have been abused and slandered, and how my speeches have been colored up. It is a pretty pass when the official canvass of the State is given to the public colored up by a reporter.

At this juncture a spat occurred between Mr. Tillman and Mr. N. G. Gonzales, the reporter referred to.

"If you say," exclaimed Mr. Gonzales, leaping to his feet, "that I have misrepresented you, you are an infernal liar."

Here ensued a scene of indescribable confusion, and cheers and counter-cheers arose from the crowd which had pressed close around the stand when the colloquy began, during all of which time Mr. Tillman was glaring at Mr. Gonzales without making any aggressive movement.

After quiet had been restored, Mr. Tillman said:

"Well, if you'll say that up town in the streets, we'll settle it."

About this time the crowd began again to whoop for Tillman, so after a few moments' delay, waiting for the crowd to get quiet, the speaker continued. He said that there is a revolution coming; that we have not had a Democratic government since the war. He wanted an aristocracy of character and brains, not of money.

The farmers today pay more than their just proportion of taxes because their property can be seen to be assessed, while the property of other professions lies in stocks and bonds that cannot be gotten hold of.

HIS OBJECTIONS TO THE COLLEGE.
In the first place this college is too expensive an institution, and, again, the terms of admission are too high. Some people call these chestnuts, but they are nuts they cannot crack. When the boys get out of our little common schools they don't know the "Three R's," and only those who have the advantages of the schools in towns and villages can get the preparation to get into the college.

In discussing the railroad commission he said it was here that "incipient corruption" if not corruption itself lay.

SLANDERING CHARLESTON AND COLUMBIA.
In touching on the census the speaker said that when Charleston and Columbia joined hands, it was "good-bye John" to everybody else. These representatives had, he said, perjured themselves, but when the re-appointment bill was brought up they were very quick to plead the same constitution which they had but the year before trampled on.

ARRAIGNING THE JUDICIARY.
Mr. Tillman condemned the manner of electing judges, holding that they should be chosen by the people. The present judges, he said, were under the thumbs of the big lawyers, and too often decided in their favor against some little bob-tailed fellow of no influence.

"A RELIGIOUS BAR-ROOM."
In conclusion, Mr. Tillman referred to the Columbia Club as a "religious bar-room," and repeated his attacks on the alleged ring.

Gen. M. L. Bonham had expressed a desire to say a few words. He wanted to say just a word or two about the railroad commission. He was glad that Captain Tillman had disclaimed any intention of insulting him. The Captain had said that the office was created for the purpose of pensioning him, but in this he would show that he was totally in error, for the fact was that the bill had already passed the House before he knew anything of its existence. He happened to be in Columbia at that time and Capt. L. D. Childs and Chancellor Carroll both proposed that he should apply for the position. There had been a number of other names mentioned in connection with the appointment before his was thought of. He urged upon the Legislature and secured the passage of a bill establishing a commission of three, similar to the Georgia plan. The commission had just about gotten their work well organized when the Legislature passed another bill which restricted the powers of the commission.

Gen. Bonham then went into the merits of the commission, producing

A COMPLETE REFUTATION
of Tillman's charges about the commission being worthless, and proving that it was of great good to the people.

When Gen. Bonham concluded, the meeting was declared adjourned.

Wells College Burned.
ATLANTA, N. Y., August 9.—The main building of Wells College was burned this morning with its entire contents. Morgan hall and laundry were saved by the hard work of citizens. The fire is thought to have started in the kitchen. It is said that there is insurance for \$100,000, which will cover the loss. The foundation for extension of the main building was nearly done.

SPARTANBURG'S SYMPOSIUM.

STATESMAN AND FARMERS TALK TO THE PEOPLE AT THE ENCAMPMENT.

Through On the Ground—Improvement Over Last Year—The Formal Opening—Addresses by Senators Voorhees and Butler and Other Distinguished Men.

The Encampment was formally opened in Spartanburg on the 7th inst. with clear weather and a hot temperature, but the enthusiasm of the people was too great to be subdued or lessened by anything like hot sunshine. The arrival of Senators Voorhees and Butler at five o'clock this morning was announced by the bellowing thunders of a field piece which not only awoke the sleepers, but aroused all people to the fact that the great occasion was at hand. The absence of Senator Hampton in the party on account of illness was the cause of many regrets. It was explained by Senator Butler that General Hampton was too ill to come, though he hoped his illness was only temporary. By 10 o'clock this morning an immense crowd of people were on the grounds and it was a general conceded that the first day was far ahead of the beginning of last year's Encampment, in attendance, in interest and in exhibits. Crowds of people, including men, women and children in large numbers, moved to and fro and took in the sights of the grounds with an interest that suffered no abatement, and the crowd increased in numbers until midday.

The exercises were opened this morning with prayer by Bishop Dancon. President T. S. McCravy delivered an address of welcome, and responses were made by Hon. D. P. Dancon, Johnson Hagood and J. E. Humbert. Captain Wofford then introduced a distinguished guest of the encampment,

HON. NORMAN J. COLEMAN,

United States Commissioner of Agriculture. He devoted his attention to the manufacture of sorghum into syrup and sugar.

Senator Butler then introduced, and he made Senator Hampton's excuse for being absent. Sickness was the cause. It was very pleasant for him to introduce

SENATOR VOORHEES,

"the statesman, not the Indian, for he belongs to us all."

Senator Voorhees then spoke for about fifteen minutes. He said he was overwhelmed by the courtesy and hospitality shown him in Spartanburg. He came to South Carolina, not to make a speech, but on account of his devotion to her people who are as great now as ever. He wanted to look South Carolinians in the face, and shake their hands. He remembered reading his first book of South Carolina, "Memoirs of the Revolution," by "Lighthouse Harry" Lee, and this morning on entering, the State Senator Butler pointed out King's mountain and the Battle-field of Cowpens, and he thought of Morgan's men and felt like cheering them.

"I have been of those who have believed in American brotherhood and manhood. I believe when there is war there are civilized rules to govern it." He stood for the element of love and affection in the North.

The Second Day
of the Encampment opened with a continuation of fair, hot weather. The estimated attendance is over 5,000.

THE FIRST SPEECH
of the day was an essay on the test of the purity and utility of seeds, by Prof. R. H. Longbridge, of the State University. The speaker's observation went to show that the farmers are greatly imposed upon in the purchase of seeds of various sorts, especially grass seeds. During the delivery of the essay Commissioner Coleman came in and was greeted with applause.

DIBBLE, BY PROXY.
Congressman Dibble was on the program as next essayist, but was not present, and was represented by Col. Henry D. Capers. Colonel Capers made a good and fitting apology for Mr. Dibble's absence, and read the Congressman's paper. It was upon subject: Diversified industries as promotive of agricultural prosperity." It was an excellent treatise of the subject and full of comprehensive thoughts. This paper concluded with favoring the Clemson bequest, was pronounced against any interference with the present state institutions of education.

SENATOR M. C. BUTLER.
Senator Butler made one of his characteristic speeches. He was eloquent, sometimes pathetically so, and his remarks covered considerably more than the subject assigned him; which he said he would not discuss at length, for fear of creating a stampede of the audience. His tariff talk comprised the main facts which have filled the newspapers for months past, but they were presented in the most striking manner to show how agriculture was affected by the extensions of the tariff. He paid some attention to Harrison, the Republican nominee for president. He said he had served in the Senate with him, and had made every effort to cultivate friendly relations with him, but had found him proscriptive and narrow-minded; and should he be elected, the people might light out for a crusade against white supremacy in the South. Referring to the apparent feeling of dissatisfaction with some people in this State, Senator Butler hit some very hard hits. He spoke in defense of the present state administration, particularly Governor Richardson and Comptroller Verner, and maintained that government of the state was administered with fairness, justice and purity. He defended Governor Thompson against the Biggam charges in language that was eloquent, and eulogistic of Secretary Thompson.